Link's Adventure in Heelfall
Part 3: Promise
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It was just another day at Princess Charlotte's castle. Women knights and their girl squires were milling out of the fencing hall after a hard morning of training. A few paused to giggle as they watched Captain Anita unceremoniously deposit young Link over her lap, bare his bottom, and begin spanking him soundly.

Link had performed especially well in fencing today. None of the grown knights, with the exceptions of Captain Anita and General Alexandra, could withstand him.

But ever since Link's defeat at the hands of Captain Anita, she had taken a personal interest in training him, determined to see the boy reach his full potential. And regardless of how Link performed, every session ended the same way.

If Link did poorly, Anita would bare him herself, chiding him for his laziness and stupidity as she hauled him roughly across her knee. But today, Anita had congratulated him on his progress, before she politely invited him to bare himself and lay across her lap.

As the spanking carried on, Link grunted, then went silent.

Without pausing the castigation for a moment, Captain Anita nodded approvingly. "The pup is quite strong-willed…for a boy at least."

General Alexandra sighed as she watched the proceedings. "That's a polite way to say my boy's a stubborn ox."

A hush fell over the fencing hall, and Captain Anita's hand hovered in mid air. General Alexandra stiffened, and turned to find another woman had appeared at the entrance way.

Princess Charlotte strode at a relaxed pace, holding her head high. She was blond, and dressed in decorative armor that doubled as a ball gown, but her prim clothing only complemented her sleek, athletic figure. "By the Goddess, Captain Anita, did the lad do so poorly? You've been spanking that pathetic little boy every morning for the past week."

Instantly, Alexandra knelt. "Your highness."

Hurriedly, Anita set link on his feet, his undergarments still tangled around his ankles, and pressed the back of his head to force him to bow along with her.

Princess Charlotte looked at Link carefully. "Ah, so this is your adopted son, General Alexandra? The famous boy rebel?"

Alexandra nodded. “Yes, my lady. Lord Chapman led the foolish lad astray with his masculinist treachery. I assure you, Link has been sternly punished.”

“Perhaps. But his offense is against the crown, and the penalty for treason must be severe. He will have to be brought before us for judgment. Does your son know how to behave himself?”

Link lifted his head to speak, but before he could speak, General Alexandra subtly pinched his arm. Quickly, Alexandra answered. “He is not of this land, and the ways of his people are strange. Please permit me to instruct him, so that he will know how to speak properly before a daughter of royalty.”

Princess Charlotte giggled. “Very well. A week or two should be plenty of time to drill a few manners into his head…or burn it onto his backside, rather. Expert my summons within a fortnight. And, Captain Anita, do keep up his sword training. I think I’d miss having the opportunity to overhear the musical sounds of a naughty boy being spanked on my morning walks.”

Alexandra and Anita bowed their heads lower, and answered together. “Yes, my lady!”

Princess Charlotte let the moment hang, then silently turned and strode out the room.

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For the next week, Link continued his fencing practice every morning. After Captain Anita finished his daily spanking, he was sent to study with General Alexandra, who coached him on courtly etiquette. Link earned more than a few spankings for being slow on the uptake, but once Alexandra explained the danger of his situation, Link was eager to be instructed. By participating in a rebellion against the crown, Link had technically committed a capital offense. Though the death penalty had fallen out of favor in the Queendom Heelfall, Princess Charlotte still held the power to absolve Link, or condemn him.

Princess Charlotte’s summons came after a week and two days, while a bare-bottomed Link was still bent over Captain Anita’s knee after a particularly embarrassing performance in fencing practice.

Anita and Alexandra marched alongside Link towards Princess Charlotte’s private chamber. Outside the door, Alexandra knelt to look Link in the eye. “Remember, my son, you have committed a terrible crime. Princess Charlotte is not without mercy, but you must show proper deference. I…do not wish to lose you.”

Link surprised Alexandra with a hug. “I won’t let you down, Mother.”

Alexandra patted Link across his back. A man-servant opened the grand door, and bowed out of the way. “Her highness is prepared to receive Link, the boy rebel.”

Captain Anita narrowed her eyes. “Has her highness requested our presence?”

The man-servant glanced at Link once, then shook his head nervously. “My apologies, Captain, but her highness specifically requested that she wishes to see the boy…alone.”

General Alexandra held tight Link’s hand, before he gave her hand a squeeze and let go. Link marched into the room, and heard the man-servant shut the door behind him. Princess Charlotte’s private quarters were immaculately furnished, tapestries, a bookcase, a canopy bed. Princess Charlotte was seated at a workdesk, and casually set aside a hefty book trimmed with gold. “Ah, the wild boy warrior. Come closer, lad, I want to get a good look at you.”

Link nodded curtly, forcing himself to remember Princess Zelda’s face, and strode to stand before Princess Charlotte. This awful woman wasn’t his friend, but she was still a princess, and it was the duty of a knight to honor a princess. “As Your Highness commands. I am at your–”

Suddenly, Princess Charlotte scooped Link up under his armpits, and deposited him across her lap. “Now, let’s discuss the price of rebellion against the crown.”

Without further ado, Princess Charlotte flipped Link’s skirt up, and grabbed the waistband of his white breeches. Taken by surprise, Link started to struggle, before his muscle memory kicked in and he forced himself to hold still. “Your highness? What are you–”

Princess Charlotte yanked down Link's breeches, revealing his bottom, still covered with faded, pink, handprint-shaped marks, before she delivered a firm swat. "Don't worry, child, I won't have you executed for treason. But I'm afraid you still need a good, hard spanking for the part you played in Lord Chapman's treachery. That should suffice to remind you of your place."

With that, Charlotte began to spank Link at a firm, steady pace. Link gasped, but resisted the urge to fight back.

Charlotte's slaps weren't as strong as General Alexandra's heavy-handed approach, nor as precise as Captain Anita's well-aimed strokes, but Princess Charlotte spanked without hesitation, holding her head high with a certain royal grace. After delivering a good ten slaps,

Charlotte raised an eyebrow, and paused the spanking. “You see, I’m afraid all little boys like you are inherently naughty, and must be spanked. It is a law of nature. Sooner or later, every misbehaving boy must be spanked soundly by his mother, so it is only proper that young men continue to receive proper instruction, well past boyhood. I can see General Alexandra has trained you well on how to properly accept chastisement…”

Charlotte began the spanking again. Link yelped, but held still. Charlotte giggled. “Tee hee! Do not be ashamed to cry out. There is no point in pretending it doesn’t hurt, nor in trying to save face. Once a wicked little boy is bent over the knee, he has no dignity left worth preserving anymore. That is the only way to learn humility. In your case, you need it all the more because of your rebellious spirit.”

Link cried, and despite his best efforts, two tears spilled down his eyes. Charlotte laughed imperiously, and spanked faster, with just enough controlled force to let Link overhear her lecturing. “After all the discipline I witnessed you receive, I was quite prepared to forgive you. But when I came to visit you at the fencing hall, I still saw a little, sparkling ember of resistance in your eyes. I intend to extinguish it.”

Charlotte delivered a ferocious spank, then paused to admire her handiwork. Link whimpered as he felt her lightly patting his bottom. Charlotte stroked Link’s bottom in a way that would have been gentle, if not for the fact that it awakened the keen sting of the earlier slaps. “Don’t worry, child. Your mother and your teacher have done well. I can see you’ve learned to take a proper spanking…most properly.”

Charlotte lifted her hand, and rang a bell attached to a string behind her head, and called. “Door man!”

The door slowly creaked open, and the man-servant bowed his way in. “Your highness? I am yours to command.”

Charlotte giggled, ignoring Link’s whining as she delicately traced her finger along his upturned bottom. “Aww! Your reactions are simply adorable…Oh, man-servant, see General Alexandra and Captain Anita into my chambers.”

The servant obeyed. As they approached, Alexandra and Anita knelt. Charlotte groaned, and delivered a firm whack that made Link howl. Charlotte seemed to savor the echoing sound. “Oh, please, enough with the formality. There’s no point in courtly manners when you have a mewling boy bent over the knee. On your feet, both of you.”

As Alexandra and Anita stood, Charlotte delivered another ferocious slap. Link screamed, but held still across her lap. Charlotte hummed, with an undisguised expression of admiration. “I’d expected the wild boy to disgrace himself, but he certainly knows how to obediently submit to a spanking. I really must commend both of you. Your barbarian son may become a proper gentleman yet, Lexi.”

Alexandra nodded. “Thank you, my lady. Does that mean you approve of my ernest wish to adopt him as my own son?”

“Of course! Already, I think this boy has benefited immensely from your maternal guidance…But I must ask you to indulge me. You see, I’ve taken quite a liking to this wild boy. So, I will be assuming full responsibility for training and discipline from now on.”

Alexandra and Anita glanced at one another nervously. As she noticed their expressions, Charlotte laughed musically. “Oh dear, perhaps you think me spoiled? Fear not, General Alexandra. As his adopted mother, you will have full parental authority over the lad. And Anita, I’d like you to continue his instruction in fencing, and continue to spank him as often as needed to reinforce the lessons.”

Charlotte landed another resounding slap across Link’s toasty, hot pink buns, then began to spank at a slow steady pace. “But every night, before the sun sets, I want to be the one to give little Link his bedtime spanking. That should suffice as a punishment for his treason. The sight of Link’s spanked bottom will serve as a lasting reminder to all rebellious men of the price of disobedience. But I am not without mercy. Link will be trained to serve as a Queen’s consort.”

Alexandra glanced at Charlotte’s bed. “A consort? Do you mean…you wish for the boy to sleep in your bedchamber?”

Charlotte chuckled, then spanked Link harder. “Oh, don’t worry. Nothing untoward. I only wish to get to know the lad better. Of course, when he comes of age, it may be a different matter. But if you will consent to give him over to my care, I swear on my royal oath that I will guard and cherish your son, as I would my own. If you wish, you may join us, to supervise his nightly bedtime spankings.”

Alexandra nodded. “Thank you, your Highness. I would be glad to remit my son to your care. Link, you owe the Princess your gratitude. She does you a great honor.”

Link tried to say something, before a particularly ferocious spank cut him off. As he roared a warbling cry, Charlotte began to spank him in ernest. “I’ll admit, you have some skill. But you were too arrogant, coming into this land, thinking you could overthrow the empire by yourself. Now your overconfidence has earned you a punishment!”

Charlotte delivered two claps in quick succession, then fell into a steady pattern, increasing the speed of the beating. “A sound, bare-handed spanking, to put you back in line.”

Link answered with a ferocious war cry, that melted into a boyish whimper. Charlotte shook her head, smiling. “This is the consequence you have to bear for being disrespectful and rude. Humiliation to cut far deeper than an executioner’s axe.”

Link gasped to catch his breath, and shouted. “S-stop!”

For a moment, Charlotte actually did stop, pressing the back of her hand against her mouth as she laughed delicately. “Fu fu fu! Already begging for mercy? Did you think this wouldn’t be so bad? Another miscalculation. Learn to stop thinking already. Little boys should be seen, and not heard!”

Link started to kick, all thoughts of his former resolve to stay strong now long forgotten “Noooo! Please, no more!”

Charlotte sniffed, and clapped Link lightly across each of his sit spots. “As for requesting leniency, I’m afraid that you have missed your chance. Once corporal punishment has begun, there can be no forbearance.”

Charlotte increased the pace of the spanking, delivering each clap with lightning-speed. Link wailed, then melted into uncontrolled tears. Charlotte nodded, savoring the sound of Link’s cries. “Yes, as my guiding hand of chastisement falls upon you, let your tears likewise fall freely. Do not hold back. Scream in agony. When I am done with you, you will completely submit to female authority. Never again will you be able to sit comfortably on this cute little backside. You will forget you were ever a rebel. Do you understand, little boy? Show me that you have learned your lesson!”

Link bellowed, straining with all his might, before he collapsed back down across Charlotte’s lap, too exhausted to resist.

Charlotte slowed the pace of the spanking, without softening the force of her blows. “That’s more like it. But don’t worry. Once I’m sure your haughty spirit is completely broken, I will forgive you. As a matter of fact…”

Carefully, Charlotte scooped Link up, and sat him down on her lap, gentling him. “…I think I’m growing quite fond of you already!”

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Night after night, week after week, Link was summoned to Princess Charlotte’s bedchamber. Each night, General Alexandra acted as a witness for each bedtime spanking session, unless she was called away to battle. On those nights, Captain Anita acted as a surrogate witness. Every night, Link was whipped soundly by Princess Charlotte, who reminded him of his rebellion against the Queendom. Some nights, Charlotte would drill Link in reading and writing, or deliver a sermon on the importance of men submitting to women in holy matrimony, as would please the Goddess.

Link endured sitting on a sore backside throughout the lessons, but he enjoyed learning to read the strange new language at least. Every night, after sunset, a servant would help swaddle Link

tightly in blankets, under strict instructions that he was not to break free from his bundle, before he was laid down alongside Princess Charlotte in her bed. Link didn't understand the purpose of this bizarre ceremony, and chalked it up to the women of Heelfall having strange customs.

He learned that Princess Charlotte was a terrible snorer, but apart from the spankings, he found the bedtime ritual of being tucked in strangely comforting.

This nightly routine continued, until a royal messenger arrived at Princess Charlotte's castle, with great fanfare. The Queen-Empress wished to visit, and Princess Charlotte was instructed to ready a royal welcome. As Link listened to the messenger dryly reading from his scroll, he noticed something odd. At the mention of Queen Leda's name, and her orders to "take great pains" to prepare the castle, all the women present, including Princess Charlotte, slowly covered their bottoms, as if they were all a bunch of nervous, naughty little girls.

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Link pouted as Princess Charlotte carried him in her arms. His green tunic had been deemed unsuitable. And so, after enduring dozens of spankings for disobedience, Link had finally allowed himself to be dressed in the absurd, formal attire for young princes of Heelfall. General Alexandra and Captain Anita followed close behind, looking nervous. That fact disturbed Link. He'd never seen them look so intimidated.

Princess Charlotte bent low to whisper in Link's ear. "Link, darling, be sure to remember your manners. Mother can be quite…strict, but she has a compassionate heart for repentant boys."

Link's eyes popped open as he took in the Queen-Empress's throne room. There was a long, red carpet leading toward the throne, and the walls were covered in tapestries that depicted men bowling low before an imposing, queenly figure.

Queen Leda sat at her throne, towering above them all. Leda was even taller than General Alexandra, and wore her blond hair in a short, prim style. Her formal dress was low cut, revealing a mature, matronly bosom. Princess Charlotte cleared her throat. "Queen Mother, may I present young Link, a visitor from the land of Hyrule. And if you will consent to the match…my future husband?"

Leda examined Link with a mysterious, half-lidded gaze. "Oh my, isn't he the cutest thing? Let me have a look at him, Charlotte."

Charlotte stiffened, before she set Link down on his feet.

Leda waved her gloved hand to beckon Link. "Yes, come here, little one."

Link marched to approach the Queen's throne. Internally, he rehearsed the argument he had prepared. He didn't care about this stuffy old empress and her rules. He was going to plead for the cause of the men of Heelfall, and demand his liberty.

Then Leda bent low, pinched him by the ear, and tugged him forward, pinning him between her knees. "Good boy. Just look at his pointed ears. So easy to pinch. Now, child, Princess Charlotte has informed me that you've been punished, severely, for your naughtiness, but I'm afraid I have no patience for rebellious men. Whether royal or common, disobedient boys deserve proper punishment. And for such a treacherous crime, the punishment must be severe."

Link grabbed Leda's hand, only for her to release her hold on his ear, and grip his pants, tugging them down below his bottom. Link squealed with embarrassment, before Leda lifted him up and pulled him across her lap. "How delightful! The look on his face while I bared his bottom was simply adorable…not to mention the bottom itself."

Leda delivered the first slap, and Link gasped. He wanted to scream, but the force of the blow had knocked the wind out of him. It was harder than anything he'd ever felt before. Leda tittered. "Fu fu fu. It's too late to plead for mercy. Your tears and screams will change nothing."

Then, Leda delivered a second, thunderous spank. This time, Link screeched in agony. Leda patted Link's bottom, until his screams died down, and turned her attention to General Alexandra. "Alexandra? I'm aware that you've adopted this boy as your own son, but I expect this little boy to call me 'Mommy' from now on. After all, he will be marrying Princess Charlotte, once he grows up."

Princess Charlotte's face brightened. "Really, Mother? So you approve of my choice?"

Leda landed a third spank, with such force, it seemed to send a tremor reverberating through the throne room. "Don't ask such obvious questions, Charlotte. Now, as to my future son-in-law…"

Sensing something bad was coming, Link kicked his heels behind him. Charlotte scowled, her nostrils flaring. "None of that. Mommy is not going to stop your punishment until she's satisfied your attitude has been corrected."

Leda landed two quick spanks, then raised her hand high. "Prove your remorse with obedience. Answer Mommy's questions earnestly. Are you going to treat my daughter with respect, as befits a Princess of her rank?"

Link roared in answer. "Yes! On my honor as a knight, I swear–"

Leda cut Link off with a tremendous swat, aimed across the center of his bottom. Her hefty palm easily covered both of the boy's butt cheeks. "Feh! So easily tamed. We'll continue your discipline later, then. In the meantime, go stand in the corner, nose against the wall. We'll have

you present your red, spanked bottom to the entire royal court, as a warning to any secret friends of Lord Chapman who may harbor sympathy for his cause."

It took Link a few moments before he comprehended the meaning of Leda's words, which he could only dimly make out. His buttocks was tingling so madly, he could barely register anything else. Hiccuping, Link crept to stand in the corner, and risked a glimpse at his red, raw, rear end. Soon, all the royal nobles of Heelfall would be getting a glimpse of it too.

Leda clicked her tongue. "No peeking, young man. Think about what you did, and about what's coming to you."

Quickly, Link turned his face away. Leda watched him for a few moments, then turned her attention to Princess Charlotte. "To be honest, I'm surprised he didn't break down begging and struggling from the first swat. But there is still room for improvement. Charlotte, you'll have to take a firm hand with him, if he's ever to grow into a suitable Queen's consort. I'll have to instruct you on the art of taming a man."

Charlotte beamed. "Yes, Queen mother. I'll submit to your guidance. As will my husband-to-be."

Leda snickered. "Of course he will. Was there ever any doubt? All men should be terrified of their mothers-in-law."

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Princess Charlotte sighed as she examined herself in the mirror. "You really think this wedding dress will still be in fashion, when Link comes of age?"

Captain Anita adjusted her glasses. "I'm no expert on fashion, but that dress was sewed by a master seamstress. Good craftswomanship will never go out of style. Don't you agree, General?"

With a start, General Alexandra looked up from the locket she'd been admiring. She'd commissioned a miniature painting of her spanking Link, as a memento of the day she had adopted him. Quickly, she stuffed it into her bosom, and cleared her throat. "I think it's still a bit early to be taking measurements. Link still has a few years of growing up to do."

Princess Charlotte stuck her nose in the air, fixing her bodice. "Of course, but it never hurts to be prepared. A woman's wedding dress is her last chance to wear something so…frilly, before she's forced to wear the pants in the household for the rest of her life."

General Alexandra nodded. "Yes, men may be the weaker sex, but I must admit, adopting Link as my son has begun to change my perspective."

Captain Anita shrugged. "Men. We can't live with 'em. And you can't live without 'em!"

Charlotte sniggered. “Too true! Now, I’d like to show Link how I look in my dress.”

Captain Anita blinked. “But…isn’t that bad luck?”

“There’s no such thing as bad luck. Besides, a young man ought to have every opportunity to tell his future-wife how beautiful she looks.”

Before anyone could object, Princess Charlotte strode out of the room, holding a bouquet in front of her. She hummed the tune of a traditional Heelfall wedding march to herself as she stepped down the corridor towards her private bed chamber. “Link, darling, I have something lovely to show you. Now, be sure to compliment me, but not in a stupid obvious way. I want you to say things that make my heart flutter, without actually having to spell out every little…”

Princess Charlotte opened her chamber door, expecting to find Link right where she’d left him, bent bare bottomed over her personal chest of jewelry. But the chest was open, and empty.

General Alexandra bumped into Princess Charlotte from behind, and scanned the room with a look of horror. The bed had been stripped, and the bed sheets tied into a long rope, which led out the window.

On Princess Charlotte’s bed, they found a note.

“Dear General Alexandra, thank you for adopting me. I never knew my mother. She died to protect me while I was still a baby. I don’t think anyone will be as good a mom as her, but I know you tried your best.

Captain Anita, thank you for teaching me to counter the longsword school of fencing. I look forward to meeting you on the field of battle, though I hope it will be as friends of the men of Heelfall, rather than as enemies.

To Princess Charlotte, you’re a very sweet person, and I hope you find the good husband you are looking for one day. If I ever find a good husband on my journey, I will tell him to come and marry you, but you have to promise to be nice to him.

Good bye!

Your friend,

Link!”

As Princess Charlotte’s eyes blazed with fire, Link’s note burnt to a crisp in her hand. “That little scamp! When I get my hands on him, I’ll teach him to trifle with a lady’s heart!”

The End?